Hē doing ſo, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's ſeldome eaſe,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder above, and deepes below,
Makes ſuch unquiet that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wrackt and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) having all loſt,
By waves from coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelfe;
Till fortune tired with doing bad,
Threw him a ſhore to give him glad:
And here he comes; what ſhall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yēt ceaſe your ire, you angry Stars of heaven,
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) doe obey you.
Alas the Seas hath caſt me on the Rockes,
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſſe of your powers,
To have bereft a Prince of all his fortunes,
And having throwne you from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all hee'l crave.

Enter three Fiſhermen.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I ſay.
3. What ſay you, Maſter?
1. Looke how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away, or ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Maſter, I am thinking of the poore men
That were caſt away before us, even now.

1. Alas

1. Alas poore ſoules, it grieved
What pittifull cryes they made to
When (welladay) we could ſcarc
3. Nay Maſter, ſaid not I as muc
When I ſaw the Porpas, how he b
They ſay, they are halfe fiſh, halfe
A plague on them, they nere come
Maſter, I marvell how the fiſhes l
1. Why as men doe a Land,
The great ones eate up the little o
I can compare our rich Miſers, to
As to a Whale; plaies and tumble
Driving the poore Fry before him
And at laſt devoure them all at a
Such Whales have I heard on a'th
Who never leave gaping, till they
The whole Pariſh, Church, Steep
Per. A pretty Morall.
3. But Maſter, if I had beene th
I would have beene that day in th
2. Why man?
3. Becauſe he ſhould have ſwal
And when I had beene in his belly
I would have kept ſuch a janglin
That he ſhould never have left,
Till he caſt Bels, Steeple, Church a
But if the good King *Simonides* w
Per. Simonides?
3. We would purge the Land
That rob the Bee of her honey.
Per. How from the fenny ſub
Theſe fiſhers tell the infirmities o
And from their watery Empire
All that may men approve, or m
Peace be at your labour, honeſt fi
2. Honeſt, good fellow, what
Search out of the Kalender, and

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